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HERALD



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Through the columns of The Herald, Gould's Academy wishes to express a deep-felt appreciation for the new athletic field which has recently been acquired through the generosity of Mr. William Bingham, 2nd. This gift fills a real need.

With the erection of the William Bingham Gymnasium no place remained on the campus for athletics. Our baseball field is some distance from the Academy, and consequently is not a convenient place for the indulgence of any sports other than baseball. An attempt is being made to establish a strong, green turf over that part of the campus which was graded last year, in order that we may have fine lawns which will be consistent with the dignity and beauty of our institution. This prohibits play on the lawn.

The new field will offer an opportuni-

ty for tennis courts, courses for broad-jump, high-jump, pole-vault, shot-put, hammer-throw, and a 100-yard straight-away.

The value of this field, to our institution, cannot be expressed in terms of material standards. It can be expressed only in terms of fine, strong bodies, of lithe muscles, of physical and mental alertness, of the general increase of individual efficiency which will accrue through the splendid opportunity which it will offer for clean, inspiring out-of-door sport.

Mr. Bingham's gift is a gift not only to Gould's Academy, but to humanity.

—o—

In this issue we also desire to express our appreciation to those who have made possible the acquisition of two new Hardman pianos. One of these is placed in the William Bingham Gymnasium and fulfills the long felt need of a better instrument. The other is in the Music Room on the third floor of the Academy hall. This enables pupils to go there for practice during study periods which they have not been able to do heretofore.

We wish to thank Mr. Ernest Walker who so kindly lent a piano to the school for use in the cottage. This is a very welcome asset to the cottage equipment.

—o—

Those people who are continually moaning the passing of the "good, old days," should bear in mind that they

are now living in the twentieth century. The time will come when the customs and modes of this country will give way to others, and become things of the past. Ideas will be improved upon, new inventions will appear. It is inevitable that these improvements shall displace many less practical devices and conventions of to-day. What the future holds in store for us, we can not tell; what the past has revealed we should remember; but to-day we live in the present, the period which ranks as the foremost mark of human progress.

—o—

When I came back to Gould's this year, I noticed that something on the campus was different. It was nearly two days before I really knew what caused this change—there was a lawn in front of the gymnasium. It altered the appearance of the entire campus; softened it; made it seem more home-like and friendly.

I have since then wondered how many of us have changed during the summer, so that our companions for a while fail to understand us. Have we grown a new "lawn" of disposition, finding a way to make ourselves of more use to our friends?

This is one of the things vacation should do for us:—give us time to rest up and forget all the disagreeable, unkind things of the past, and discover the beautiful things we can do to make ourselves of more service. But of course

this introspection and betterment is not confined to vacation alone. The best time to start "seeding" our lawn is now—the very minute we discover our weak points. Let us begin to-day by forgetting to do the unkind things and by remembering to do some little courtesy, for service to others reaps love, happiness and friends.

One of the greatest virtues in life is the habit of punctuality. This habit should be cultivated in early life if one would wish to succeed.

Look about the school. Notice the pupils who are habitually tardy, and you will be able to tell very nearly the kind of men and women those boys and girls will become.

The pupil who is late to school, late to class, and late everywhere, will make the man who will be too late to catch the train that would land him at the station named "Success."

GOULD'S ACADEMY'S

DONORS' DAY

On Wednesday evening, November 15th, Bethel had an experience it can hardly hope to equal in the expression of interest and warmth of enthusiasm. Whatever concerns the Academy, being of personal interest to so many in our community, an audience was brought together of an unusual character,—like an immense family, thrilled and proud,—as though the spirit of the occasion made the whole village kin.

For years the Morris Pratt Birthday has been annually and tenderly observed in the Academy Hall. The broth-

er and sister whose lives have meant so much to hundreds of students through the generosity of their parents are forever to be recognized in the symbols of the Twentieth Century Club's badges of royal purple and white and their beautiful Club banner. This lovable hour of remembrance has been broadened into Donor's Day, thus including all who through their example have been encouraged to make Gould's Academy wear a most enviable name.

This day of remembrances and of hopefulness came to a climax on the evening chosen, as an occasion of recognition and heartfelt gratitude for the noble gymnasium bearing the name of William Bingham. Hundreds of interested and representative townspeople left barely standing room. The school filled the entire left side of the floor whilst the Twentieth Century Club was gracefully grouped upon the stage. A long banner of Gould's blue and gold held an English version of the old classical quotation "Sometime, perhaps, it may be pleasant to remember these things." Evergreens and red berries decorated the stage front; the great room was brilliantly lighted, and the acoustic properties proved to be unusually perfect.

The program was prefaced by a few gracious words by Mr. Hanscom who presented the fine new piano, a gift from the Trustees to the gymnasium, and Mrs. F. E. Russell in a brilliant piano solo gave proof that its possession was an acquisition of which Gould's might well be proud.

The program was as follows:

1. "A Rain Song," by Mrs. Harold Rich, was sung with such delicacy and charm that its repetition was requested later in the evening.
2. Dr. Gehring's address, delivered with depth of feeling and warmth

of expression, held an interested audience and at its close the reference to the Donor of Donors was met by tumultuous applause.

ADDRESS OF DR. GEHRING

Faculty of Gould's Academy, students and friends.

Not having been permitted to be present last June, on the occasion when the Alumni of Gould's Academy celebrated a kind of beautiful Silver Wedding between the Academy and Mr. Hanscom, it seems fitting on this occasion of a Memory Day,—that is, a recognition of the donors who have made Gould's Academy one of the first institutions of learning in Maine,—that the Trustees also should be permitted to give their tribute of gratitude to one who has been a Donor for twenty-five years,—to the teacher who has given,—himself!

Not all men and women who teach have the true gift of that calling,—but here and there, towers above others a man or woman who has been so touched by the inspired finger of love for this cause, that it becomes to him a consecration,—a sort of living fire,—so that all who are privileged to come within the magic of his influence will carry with them through life, a lasting impression of its quickening force,—which will cause them ever after to aspire to higher ideals of thought and life.

Centuries before there were any universities,—or even any schools such as wherein the student of today may find all departments of knowledge easily accessible at one central source—away back in the Middle Ages and then on through the Renaissance,—the seeker after knowledge was obliged to travel,—not from city to city in his own land but from country to country, to find

teachers;—Holland, England, Italy, Spain, France,—all began to develop individuals who began to teach,—who wanted to tell others what they knew,—and in accordance with their ability to impress themselves upon others, began to become surrounded by pupils or followers. Wherever a wise man thought that he had discovered a great truth, he felt that he must impart it to others.

Thus away back in the ninth century, at Salerno in Italy, a centre of medical learning sprang up that continued for nearly a thousand years, where the wisdom of Hippocrates, a celebrated Greek physician, was first taught; in the twelfth century, in Paris, Abelard, a young priest of Brittany, began to lecture upon logic and theology,—and thus it went on, each one of these teachers according to his popularity attracting students to himself from all parts of Europe,—and in those days there was no need for the student of one country to lose time in acquiring the language of the other, for there was only one language spoken by learned people the world over, and that was Latin!

Only a little over two generations ago, in our own land, one such inspired teacher loomed far above all others. The beloved and lamented Louis Agassiz, glowing with the fire of Divine inspiration, created among the pupils that flocked around him a score of men who themselves became teachers of extraordinary ability because, they too, had been touched by the flame that radiated from Agassiz.

Fifty years ago, this school, your own Gould's,—was honored by another such a man. Dr. Nathaniel Tuckerman True was an inspired teacher. His own as well as neighboring states paid him grateful tribute and gave him recog-

nition of methods of teaching that are in use today. At this day there still live men and women, some of whom have gone out to states all over the Union,—where they have made name and fame for themselves, and who bear loving testimony to his memory and take honor to themselves because they have been permitted to call themselves his pupils.

It is the mantle of men of this character that has fallen upon one whom we all know,—upon your honored principal, Frank Edward Hanscom,—upon the man who loves to teach and to give,—(for teaching is giving.) Twenty-five years of his life,—a quarter of a century,—have been devoted to this Academy. His reward has never been, and can never be, in material gain. For as long as I have known Gould's Academy, a period of thirty-three years, the path of its principal and that of its trustees, has been one of long and arduous anxiety. How to provide the pupils with the best possible helps towards knowledge, with the pitiable financial means at our disposal, would often cause us, at some annual meeting, to look each other in the face and mutely wonder how long this state of things could continue. There have been years when with the opening of the school year in September your principal and trustees could but dimly see how they were going to keep the Academy door open until the beginning of the next!

But no man has striven more unselfishly than this consecrated donor. So great has been his faithfulness, so determined his zeal that the school should live, that the standards of the school should be high,—that we, the trustees, even when the skies were darkest never saw the shadow of despair darken the spirit of your principal, and I wish to take upon myself this privilege of ex-

pressing in behalf of all of the trustees that to us, no less than to the pupils of over twenty-five successive years, he has ever been a rock of unshakable reassurance. May his years be many with us when now, for the first time in connection with the Academy, he stands without the crushing load of financial responsibility,—serenely equipped to raise the school where none shall equal it in the state of Maine.

What student from afar can but be impressed, as he enters the stately portals of the reconstructed Academy hall? What an atmosphere of cultivation as well as education surrounds him, as he goes from room to room of this perfectly appointed building! How great our pride at the astonishment of strangers, as experts declare the Domestic Science equipment to be unequalled in the state! And this noble structure in which we are gathered tonight! The envy and the wonder of other institutions, wherein the physical well-being of the student has been provided for so perfectly!

To all those who have made this position possible, as donors, and they represent a goodly company of generous souls, we, as Trustees, extend our heartfelt thanks. And to the One whose brain and heart have conceived this plan of development along lines we have never dared to dream of or hope for,—to the man whose deeds stamp his character upon this beautiful consummation,—to the man whose name shall forever escape the criticism given some Americans that they cannot work for a cause unless they sound a trumpet before them,—to the world-wide philanthropist,—to the good citizen of the town of Bethel,—to the generous friend of Gould's Academy,—to the man whose modesty equals his munificence, to William Bingham, 2nd,—we give our

most profound gratitude, our admiration, and our loyalty.

3. "Johnny's History Lesson," by Roy Davis, gave a touch of humor in the varied program and was admirably recited.
4. And then came Mrs. Wight's lovely rendering of "I hear a thrush at eve," which created a tumultuous call for an encore to which she graciously responded.
5. Edward Hanscom, by request, gave the declamation, "The Other Fellow," for which he never fails to bring an audience's quick response through both matter and manner.
6. The Donors of Maine was a number of unusual interest. The Club gave expression to Maine's pride in its famous men and women, by each boy and girl coming forward speaking a name and giving a short account of our writers, inventors, educators, statesmen, musicians and explorers who were briefly brought to our memory as what Maine has given to the world, the state and to us. At the finale Mr. Hanscom gave the name of William Bingham, 2nd, "Maine—by adoption," speaking of him as a world-wide philanthropist, saviour of thousands from starvation in the Far East, and the generous patron of Gould's Academy, whereupon enthusiasm went over bounds, the school and Club springing to "Attention," the Cheer Leader flew upon the stage and concerted calls for "Bingham," class yells and the stunning applause of the excited audience filled the great hall with an enthusiastic expression of feeling which Bethel was roused to give in fullest measure.
7. Then came the most charming pageantry as twelve gaily dressed peas-

ants came trooping in from opposite doors and danced Old English Folk Dances with a grace and perfection that showed the possibilities of the new auditorium in space and freedom of action. Miss Whitmore's beautiful costumes and Miss Morris' skill in training produced the happiest results.

8. A song, "Gould's Academy to its Donors," was beautifully read by Mr. Hanscom and musically interpreted with great perfection by the well-loved Bethel quartet, Dr. and Mrs. Wight, Mrs. Lyon, and Mr. Tyler, Mrs. Russell at the piano. Words by Mrs. Gehring.—Music Eichberg's National Hymn.

To You, O Donors, wise and true
Our grateful voices raise
With words that render unto you
Our song of heart-felt praise.

Refrain.

On altars here, of answered prayer
We lay our heavy burdens down
And rise, to wear upon our brows
A consecrated crown.

To You our hearts will ever turn
Through years made wise and strong
By all we love and all we learn
And all that shields from wrong

May streams of future strength and power
From this source onward flow
And to You bring a tribute-hour
Our hearts long to bestow.

Refrain.

And rise, to wear upon our brows
A consecrated crown.
We lay our heavy burdens down
On altars here of answered prayer

9. Mr. Hanscom, in one of his characteristic speeches which are always

eagerly awaited with appreciation, touched upon many topics of interest and then admitted that he held in his knowledge a climax to the still greater success of the occasion. He stated that for years Gould's Academy had coveted the field opposite the Dormitory as an extensive playground and as a protection against whatever buildings might thereupon be erected in the future. Tonight, he said, he held the gift of this field from William Bingham, 2nd, to Gould's Academy, whereupon the applause rocked the building as the excited students gave vent to their enthusiasm.

10. The last number upon the program consisted of two selections by the

Club Orchestra, so well given as to arouse actual wonder at the perfection shown by this group of really talented young musicians who had had the least possible time for preparation.

General dancing followed, with Mrs. Young at the piano and Mr. McCann with his rhythmic traps. The great audience slowly dispersed after offering the warmest congratulations to the Faculty and the Twentieth Century Club for the perfection of an occasion which had introduced the noble building and its great possibilities to the community.

We may surely hope that,—“Sometime, perhaps, it may be pleasant to remember these things.”



A prize story contest was held this term as an incentive for material for the "Herald." The first prize was awarded to Richard Holmes. Second prize was awarded to Roy Jones. Rodney Bartlett, Luther Morse and Florence Coburn received honorable mention.

PRIZE STORY PLAY THE GAME.

The Wolves and the Tigers were, and are, the most bitter rivals in athletic games in the country. They were always ready to dispute the umpire or

referee if it would be to their advantage. Each team had won the majority of its games for the season and they were to play a five game series to decide the championship of the state.

Already the fans were betting on their teams. Some thought the Wolves would easily win, others favored the Tigers, while still others thought that it would be an even thing.

The games were to be played on both fields. The first two on the Wolves' field and the next two on the Tigers', while the fifth would be played on neutral grounds. The first game was to be played in two days. The posters were as follows:

BASEBALL

Wolves vs. Tigers

Games called at 2:00 o'clock

This game decides the Championship
Team

Adm. 50c and \$1.00

At last, the day for the first game had arrived. Everyone was excited over the game to be played. Betting was practically even.

The crowd had assembled and the teams were on the field waiting for the umpire to cry, "Play Ball." Finally this cry came and immediately a deathly stillness swept over the crowd. The umpire shouted, "Batteries for today are Brown and Williams for the Wolves and Sukeforth and Driscoll for the Tigers."

The Wolves were first at bat. The first man up struck out. The second flied out while the third was out at first. This was a poor beginning, but a poor beginning sometimes means a good ending and such was true in this case for fortune favored the Wolves later in the game and at the end of the game they had won with a score of five to two.

The second game came the next day and the Wolves again won.

The next game was to be played on the Wolves' own field and it was thought of course if they won on the Tigers' field, they could win on their own.

The game was called but this time it was a different story, for the Tigers had everything their own way, and easily won the game. They also took the fourth by the small score of two to one.

The fifth, and final, game was to be played the following week in a nearby town. When the time came for the game to be called there was not an empty seat in the grandstand.

* * *

The game was begun. Brown and Williams, Sukeforth and Driscoll are the batteries again today. The Tigers come to bat with a determined feeling that they will win. They fail to do anything in the first. The Wolves succeed in getting one man on first but the side was retired before he can get any farther.

The second inning. Brown strikes out two of the three men, while the third hits a grounder to the first baseman. The Wolves come to bat and do practically the same thing.

The beginning of the third. The Tigers get three hits and score one. This puts them in the lead one to nothing. The Wolves come to the bat but are unable to score.

The fourth and fifth innings pass rapidly as there are no hits on either side.

The sixth begins with the Tigers still in the lead. In their half of this inning the Wolves scored, making it one to one.

The seventh. The Tigers come to bat determined to score but are able to do nothing. The Wolves come to bat and are quickly retired.

The eighth begins with the score still a tie and neither team scores in this inning.

The ninth begins with the Tigers at bat. The first man up gets a double, the second receives a pass, while the third man makes a sacrifice. This puts men on second and third. The next man gets a single and scores the man on third. The next fellow strikes out and the half ends with the score two to one in favor of the Tigers. The Wolves come in off the field for their last try to win or perhaps to tie the score. The first man places a swift grounder through short and steals second. The next man is walked. The sec-

ond baseman then calls "time out" and informs the base runner that the cleats on his shoes are loose and are liable to trip him. He is given a runner to run for him. The man following gets a double and both men score, and the game ends three to two in favor of the Wolves.

After the game the Tigers gathered in their dressing room. They were a dejected and sober bunch of men. The great prize of the season had been lost. As the men were changing their clothes, not a word was uttered until Rogers, the Tigers' second baseman, stepped through the door.

Immediately the silence was interrupted by the team's catcher, Robinson.

"Well, we lost the game, thanks to you. You bonehead, why did you tell him his cleats were loose? If you had used your head and kept still we would have won the game."

Several of his teammates muttered threats under their breaths, when Captain Gonya stepped forward and placed his hand on Rogers' shoulder.

"Rogers I want to congratulate you. The honor of the team is worth more than any baseball victory. Personally, I think you did the right thing. You played the game."

R. H., '25.

SECOND PRIZE

THE VISION.

The old guide and his man moved closer to the crude but cosy fireplace, as the fierce wind shook the little log camp and made wierd noises in the dark night outside. They fully appreciated their comfortable position with the snow piled in six-foot drifts against the cabins. The young sportsman was

cleaning carefully and fondly the cost-ly repeating rifle with which he had shot, that day, a six point buck. The old guide sat quietly smoking and resting from the exertion of washing the dishes, on which he had served an appetizing but simple meal of savory venison, fluffy biscuits and maple syrup.

The sportsman attempted to shatter the pipe dream of his companion by saying, "You were going to tell me another story tonight, Bill." The words seemed to have no effect upon Old Bill who calmly went on smoking. But the young man, familiar with his moods, waited patiently and at length was rewarded for his silence.

"Well Jim," said the old guide, "the story I'm about to tell will likely sound to you like a 'yarn,' but nevrtrtheless it is true. 'Twas up on the St. Lawrence it happened; I was a young fellow then and was trapping up there. I had a permit from Red Eagle, the chief of the Fish Eater Indians. He and I were pretty good old friends and done a pile of trading with each other.

"One day as I was following my trap line, I came out on a bluff overlooking a treacherous swamp of about three hundred acres. As I stood there looking over that vast waste of dead trees and hidden bogs I saw two puffs of smoke away out in the middle, and instinctively I dropped behind a log and raised my own gun. When I heard the twin reports and no bullets whistled about me, I looked again and could dimly make out a black speck, presumably a man, perched on a small rise of rocky ground. As I strained my eyes the man seemed to be waving something red in the air. He was evidently in distress and wanted my aid. I waited to be sure, however, for it might be a trick of some of the Yellow Dog Indians, who sometimes poached on Red Eagle's land

and were jealous of my privilege. When he fired two more shots I hesitated no longer, but descended into the chaos of the dead.

"Guided by an occasional shot, I broke my way through the matted underbrush. I had to make many detours around quivering quagmires and ponds of black, foul smelling water. I saw many shy muskrats and mink as I traversed that awesome swamp. The dead monarchs of the past towering above me, reached forth their dead limbs as if to escape from the deadly mire. Once I tripped and fell, sinking to my arm pits into the ooze. I lost my gun but I grabbed a root in order to save myself. Without trying to fish out my gun I marked the spot and stumbled on. I had heard other trappers tell what a dismal place this was, but now I realized it. No doubt there were solid trails all around us but it took an Indian's eye to pick them out.

"At last after two hours of struggling, I came in sight of the rise of ground. It was Red Eagle at the top standing straight as an arrow, holding his gun in his left hand and with his right he gripped the low limb of a giant tree. As I drew closer I saw that his left foot was in a bear trap of large dimensions. Without waste of words I set to work to release him. Getting a long lever I placed it under a root of the big tree and over the iron spring of the great trap. By putting all my weight on the lever I couldn't budge it an inch."

Here Old Bill stopped to light his neglected pipe which had become empty. "Well, did you get him out all right?" quired Jim eagerly. Old Bill drew on his pipe two or three times and went on as if he had not heard the question.

"As Red Eagle could do nothing to

aid me, I filled my coat with rocks and hung it on the lever and with my added weight the jaws slowly gave and he stepped out free. His foot was swollen considerably and the flesh was bruised and broken but the bones were all right, thanks to his thick buckskin leggings and high topped moccasins ornamented with beads and stained quills. Red Eagle put some kind of crushed leaves on his foot and drew on his moccasin. After trying it gingerly he put his weight on it without flinching and led the way. His only show of pain was a slight pallor around his mouth. He led me without a word along a slightly defined path that twisted in and out among the bogs, and in a half hour was in his lodge. Dismissing his squaw with a wave of his hand, he sat down along side a diminutive fire burning in a bowl shaped rock in the middle of the tepee. I now took the opportunity to ask him who was responsible for his misfortune. 'Yellow Dogs,' he growled, speaking for the first time. I saw at once that he was in no mood for talking, so I sat in silence wondering what he had brought me there for. I soon found out however, for he filled the bowl of a long be-feathered red pipe with brown powder and bade me smoke. The smoke was sweet at first but gradually grew bitter. The tent seemed to whirl around me, Red Eagle seemed to be looking through me with a glassy stare. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was pursued by Yellow Dog Indians, in my arms I carried an unconscious woman, beautiful beyond compare. Seeing a cabin I carried her in and bolted the door.

"'Shoot me William,' she cried. 'Don't let me fall into their hands.' But not heeding her I pulled a lever on the wall. A portion of the floor drew aside and we dropped through, the opening closing over our heads.

"It was about a year after I had that dream and I had collected quite a fortune by my trapping. I had fallen in love with a girl from Maine who, having no parents, was living with her half brother who ran the trading post. Open hostility had begun between the Yellow Dogs and the Fish Eaters. I took the side of the Fish Eaters and the Yellow Dogs swore to get my scalp for it. Foreseeing that it would be dangerous at the post for Mary, for that was her name, I decided to take her over to the stronghold of Red Eagle, among the Fish Eaters. Accordingly we set the time of departure for the next morning at dawn. She was ready when I called for her and we started for our destination which was about a mile away. We had covered three-quarters of the distance when a blood-curdling yell smote upon our ears. I let her go ahead telling her to go to an old cabin where a counterfeiter had been caught. Turning quickly I fired both barrels at my pursuers and was gratified to see the foremost go down. I tossed my empty gun aside and sped on with just my pistol. We were in sight of the cabin when I was horrified to see Mary trip and fall."

Here Old Bill stopped his narrative, leaned forward to put some wood on the fire and to get his tobacco can. His habit satisfied, he continued.

"I leaped forward, picked her up and ran for the cabin. The door stuck, and the howling savages renewed their vigor. I dropped my burden and put my whole weight against the door. It gave a little; it opened; and I dragged my burden in and barred the door just as the Indians arrived. Blinding the solitary window, I began to barricade the door when I was startled by Mary's voice. 'Shoot me William,' she cried, 'don't let me fall into their hands.' In-

stantly I recalled the vision into which Red Eagle had dragged me. I began looking for the lever. Seeing one on the wall I pulled it and a yawning hole appeared at my feet. After uttering these words Mary had swooned again and I let her through the hole, deafened by the shouts of the Indians outside. I found that we were in a passageway big enough in which to stand erect. I picked Mary up and started to feel my way along in the darkness.

"After twenty minutes I came out in a thicket of cedar, so thick that I had to cut my way through. I knew where I was for I had passed that cedar clump many times without ever dreaming of anything extraordinary being there.

"All was quiet now, but I could smell smoke and could see the glimmer of fire through the trees, and I knew that they had set fire to the cabin. I soon arrived at the stronghold of the Fish Eaters. Mary soon revived and it was found that she had a sprained ankle. I also learned that Red Eagle was dead, a Yellow Dog sniper had shot him a half hour before.

"The mounted police soon put a stop to the quarrel between the two Indian villages. Mary and I were married and came down to Old Maine to live." His story apparently ended, Old Bill fixed the fire for the night and prepared for his bunk.

"How do you account for the secret door and the passageway?" questioned Jim.

"Well I reckon that counterfeiter made it for his escape if he was ever found out," replied Old Bill.

"And how do you account for this coming true?" persisted Jim.

"Waal," drawled Bill, "it was just some Indian medicine, I guess. You'll have to turn in now if we're going to get that nine point buck tomorrow."

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

"The school teacher has been, and still is, the greatest single power for good in the nation."

The Value of Normal Training

Education has, in recent years, greatly changed; what was called a fairly good education in the days of our forefathers is not now considered an education at all. Our grandfathers could go out from a respectable rural school and start at once to teach younger boys and girls.

Only men were school teachers and often they were very rigid, harsh, and, I think I may say, cruel at times. The children learned mechanically and through fear. In those days, children did not receive the justice due them. No training was given to prepare the prospective teacher to understand child nature. Nothing was done to make work interesting for the child; he did everything because he had to. No effort was made to create, through his individual characteristics, a desire for knowledge.

How fortunate are the boys and girls of today who, on the first day of school, find a light, airy attractive room with a sand-table, construction table and many other things to arouse their interest and enthusiasm through the play instinct; a teacher who has been trained to understand and sympathize with their various moods, and tendencies. She is interested in each individual child into whose eyes she looks from day to day since she has been taught to realize that her success, as well as the future of her pupils, depends upon her ability to understand and meet their needs.

The trained teacher is quite as eager

as the children, for she has many methods and devices which she hopes will help them to so respond to her efforts that even the little boy in the corner who perhaps is rather troublesome at times may forget his pranks and give her his undivided attention.

It is said many times, "Teachers are born and not made." This is quite true. I would say, however, even though one may be a born teacher, if she has no professional training, her success can not be assured, for, like the born musician, she must have her talent developed. This, I feel, is what the Normal Course at Gould's Academy is doing today. It is creating in each and every one of the normal students a desire "to do better work, to be a little wiser, a little kinder, and a little stronger every day."

E. M. S., '23.

The Responsibilities of a Teacher.

"The teacher has it easy. I wish the teacher had to prepare the long lessons she gives us." These and various other remarks are what some pupils are frequently saying. Students do not realize that the teacher has to spend nearly as much time as they do on the preparation of a subject in order to present each lesson in an interesting and impressive manner. And, while each pupil has his four or five subjects to prepare, his teacher has these and the lessons of all her other pupils as well.

This is only a small part of the teacher's work when one stops to think of her responsibilities. The teacher is responsible, in a measure, for the school grounds and buildings, responsible, in a great degree, for the success of her pupils in their work and play, for their language and manners, and, in fact, for their physical, mental, and moral development.

One teacher may make and improve, while another mars, the character of her pupils. It may be that both teachers are doing this unconsciously, but a teacher is responsible for the influence she exerts over her pupils and, therefore, she should be so well trained and mannered as to, unconsciously, have a good influence over her pupils at all times. She should think how her every act is viewed by her pupils, and strive to set a good example before them.

The teacher's responsibilities extend beyond the school into the community in which she is placed, hence, she should endeavor to make her influence count in the social life. The teacher's duties and responsibilities are broader than most people realize, for to be a true teacher is to give of one's best at all times in body, mind, and heart.

M. E. Y., '24.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS.

Last fall, steam radiators were installed in the cottage and it was connected with the central heating plant which now heats all the buildings on the campus.

Although the freshman class is small in numbers, it makes up in interest and enthusiasm. The girls have learned the different stitches used in hand sewing, an art in which our grandmothers so excelled, made themselves a hand-made sewing apron and are now practicing on small problems to make themselves efficient in machine stitching before making their cooking aprons. This class has the care of the cottage, the weekly cleaning and daily care. Simple menus are prepared, illustrating the elementary food principles.

The sophomores particularly en-

joyed making the costumes for the folk dances presented on Donors' Day. These were cut from measurements and made good final problem in the practical lessons on cutting and fitting garments. At each cooking lesson, they are serving a simple meal planned and supervised by a member of the class, who also acts as hostess. The home nursing class is just starting and from appearances, anyone who happens to be ill at the cottage will get exceptional care.

The juniors and seniors are studying textiles, learning to distinguish kinds of cloth, its uses, wearing quality, comparative prices and a few simple tests by which to detect adulteration. They are serving meals for which they do their own marketing and keep their accounts. Later in the year there will be classes in dietetics and millinery.

There is never a day that the girls do not in some way express their appreciation of the cottage and the many opportunities which their friend and benefactor of Gould's has made possible.

MANUAL TRAINING.

Gould's is indeed fortunate in having a desirable manual training shop, thoroughly equipped with bench and hand tools. Over thirty boys are taking the course, in which they show much interest and enthusiasm.

The assortment of book racks, footstools, record cabinets, taborets, camp chairs, and skis already completed, together with larger articles in the process of construction, show the varied individual ideas and capabilities along this line of work besides serving a practical purpose.

In connection with the actual bench

work a part of the time is spent in mechanical drawing. The boys find this work very interesting, and already each individual has a collection of drawings, many of which reflect great credit on the pupil's effort.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION (Boys)

The young people at Gould's thoroughly enjoy the privileges of their splendidly equipped gymnasium where they enter into those games and various physical activities which help so much in rightly developing body and character.

Each student receives three periods per week of physical training. The work consists of setting up exercises, dumb bell and Indian club drills, in connection with indoor games and apparatus stunts. This all tends to keep the pupils strong and healthy, at the same time furnishing wholesome recreation,—an opportunity that can well be envied by the less fortunate youth, who is unable to take advantage of these wonderful opportunities.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION (Girls)

At the opening of school, physical education filled an important part in the program for the year. Single class periods for three times a week were organized. The work includes calisthenics, folk and esthetic dancing, apparatus work, basket ball and track practice.

Last summer, our teacher, Miss Morris, took a six weeks course at Harvard Summer School of Physical Education, bringing back to her Gould's girls many new and practical ideas.

A marked improvement is shown in the posture while sitting, standing, walking and running, as well as in the

general health to so many of the girls. All are enthusiastic and enter into their exercises and games with spirit.

With our splendid gymnasium and our generous supply of apparatus, each girl looks forward eagerly to her class.

PORTRAIT OF REV. DANIEL GOULD.

Some two years ago, at a reunion of the classes of '88 and '89, action was taken to have the old portrait of Rev. Daniel Gould renovated and put in condition to be returned to its former place in the Library. Permission to do this was given by the Trustees, and the matter was placed in charge of a committee, of which Herbert C. Rowe was chairman. There was some delay in getting the work done, but it was finally completed in a very satisfactory manner, and the portrait was hung in the Library by Mr. Rowe on the day before commencement. Mention should have been made of this in the report of commencement doings, but it was inadvertently omitted.

It has been suggested that this portrait be transferred from the Library to the Assembly Room. Others of the older alumni have expressed a wish that it remain in its old place in the Library. The Principal would welcome suggestions from the alumni in regard to this, and especially from those responsible for having the picture renovated.

The school extends thanks to this loyal group of alumni for this praiseworthy undertaking, also for their further expression of interest in having the school motto, "To thine own self be true," beautifully engrossed on the wall of the Assembly Room, from which it was removed when the building was being reconstructed and refinished.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"Her gifts she bears on down the path of years;

She walks, and lo! a trail of light appears."

Miss Whitman.

"Favors to none, to all her smile extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."

Miss Park.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all world, 'This was a man!'"

Rodney Bartlett.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Dorothy Goodnow.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place."

Evans Wilson.

"And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in utter darkness."

Luther Morse.

"Out of childhood, into manhood
Now had grown our own Roy Davis."

"O grant me, Heaven, a middle state—
Neither too humble nor too great."

Ella Hanscom.

"All things come round to him who will
but wait."

Forrest Stowell.

"The kid who never grew up."

Fairfield McCann.

"I will speak in a monstrous little voice."

Thea Hutchinson.

"He, French and Latin, speaks with greater
ease

Than hogs eat acorns, or tame pigeons, peas."

Richard Holmes.

"Good things are done up in little bundles."

Harold Nutting.

"A little nonsense now and then

Is relished by the best of men."

Ernest Mundt.

"A silent, bashful man."

Albert Sumner.

"A comely old man, busy as a bee."

Taylor Clough.

"Perhaps she'll grow."

Lilla Morse.

"Quiet people are welcome everywhere."

Bessie Bean.

"There's a good time coming."

Examination Day.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

Declamation Day.

"Such a sleepy smelling place."

The Laboratory.

"Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions."

Shirley Brooks.

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

Marion Brooks.

"Youth in pleasure should be spent,
Age will come; we'll then repent."

Donald Sweeney.

- "He was of a lean body and visage."
Enoch Foster.
- "Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just dainty enough to please."
Ruth Emery.
- "An ardent lover of women."
Charles Swan.
- "True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in being good."
Willard Bean.
- "Her voice was but the shadow of a sound."
Emeline Heath.
- "To know how to be silent is more difficult
and more profitable than to know how
to speak."
William Chapman.
- "A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil
spirit."
Mildred York.
- "Words! Words! Words!"
Junior English Class.
- "A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."
Louise Shordon.
- "A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."
Genie Saunders.
- "My heart, like the moon, is always changing."
Hildred Keddy.
- "She speaks seldom."
Dora Tibbetts.
- "It's wiser to be good than bad."
Clyde Stevens.
- "My tongue, tho' not my heart, shall have
its will."
Ellen Cottrell.
- "Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
She danced and laugh'd and talk'd and
sung."
Ruth Bearce.
- "Never idle a moment, but thrifty and
thoughtful of others."
Marion Parsons.
- "Always cheerful, always happy,
With a smile that's hard to beat."
Hazel Sawyer.
- "There's many a black, black eye they say,
But none so black as mine."
Leila Little.
- "I'm very fond of the company of ladies."
Cleo Brown.
- "There's mischief in this man."
Cash Daniels.
- "The glass of fashion and the mould of
form."
Olive Burrowes.
- "A shy little maid."
Mildred Conant.
- "On their own merits modest men are
dumb."
Arthur Jordan.
- "My tongue within my lips I run
For who talks much must talk in vain."
Walter Berry.
- "There's little of the melancholy element
in her."
Dorothy Kidder.
- "I am as sober as a judge."
Clifford Cole.
- "A kindly word and a happy smile
Keeps the sun shining all the while."
Lola Gaudette.
- "A light heart lives long."
Ruth Glines.
- "Only a boy with his fearless tread
Who cannot be driven but must be led."
Walter Philbrook.
- "Always talk big, and you will never be
forgotten."
Leland Mason.

"And those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Florence Howe.

"She is of so free, so apt, so blessed a disposition."

Eleanor Osborne.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Colista Curtis.

"It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true."

Elizabeth Mason.

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

Frank Curtis.

"The basis of his character was good sound common sense."

Charles Hazelton.

"Time deals gently with the face that is lighted up by a smile."

Faye Sanborn.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

Russell Cole.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Gertrude Abbott.

"It is well to think well,
It is divine to act well."

Geraldine Valentine.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart; Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true. Never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it. —Henry Van-Dyke.

SCHOOL NOTES



School opened on September twelfth with a registration of one hundred sixty-five students, the largest enrollment in the history of the school.

The first social event of the season was the Freshman Reception held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Wednesday evening, September twenty-seventh. The whole school was present and a good time was enjoyed by all.

During the morning exercises on November twentieth, President Roberts of Colby College gave an inspiring talk to the student body on the value of a higher education.

Public declamation were presented in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Monday afternoon, December eleventh. A large number of the townspeople attended. The program was as follows:

The Highwayman,	Dorothy Goodnow
The Foolish Fir Tree,	Dorothy Hanscom
The Last Gladiatorial Contest,	Evans Wilson
Little Mary Plays The Piano,	Betty Emery
Selection from Morte D'Arthur,	

	Avis Cottrell
As Good As His Word,	Gay Thurston
Selection, Twentieth Century Club Orchestra	
The Doctor's Story,	Electa Chapin

Individual and National Character,
 Taylor Clough
 The Little Fellow, Ruth Hastings
 The Right of the Filipinos to Independence,
 Rodney Bartlett
 Mammy 'Liza Tells the Story of Adam and
 Eve, Ellen Cottrell
 The Eloquence of O'Connell,
 Freddie Philbrick
 Selection, Twentieth Century Club Orchestra

A most pleasant event of the term was the Hallowe'en party given at the new Gymnasium under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club.

The first of a series of community services, under the auspices of the Academy, was held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Sunday evening, December 11th, with Doctor Clifton D. Gray, President of Bates College, as the speaker. Principal Hanscom presided, Rev. C. B. Oliver pronounced the invocation and benediction, and Rev. S. T. Achenbach offered the prayer. The Twentieth Century Club Orchestra rendered several sacred selections, and a selected chorus of the student body sang sacred songs. The gymnasium was well filled with an appreciative audience, which included nearly every member of the student body. It is hoped to have at least one such service each month during the winter and spring months.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

CLASS OFFICERS.

President—Lauris Tyler.
 Vice-President—Avis Cottrell.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Maystelle Farris.

LOST

One book entitled, "How, Where, and When to Act." Finder please return

to Roy Jones.

By Rodney Linnell, all hope of getting a girl.

By Roy Davis, all regard for those Flappers!

All anxiety as to Clarence Philbrook's behavior. He is getting Goodnow.

By Emily Keene, the key to the deceiving entanglements of French.

FOUND

By Dorothy Goodnow, anytime, anywhere, a chance for an argument.

By Rodney Bartlett, one of our most enjoyable babbling "Brooks."

Proof, that quiet people are welcome everywhere. Helen Beckler.

By Doris Goodnow, how to keep Hans(c)om.

By Lauris Tyler, a short cut from Summer St. to Chapman St.

A sure cure for the blues, otherwise known as Eunice Smith.

By Celia Kimball, one "sister" in Berlin.

A firm believer that girls are a nuisance. Evans Wilson.

By Arnold Kiely, the secret of making friends.

WANTED

The source of Forrest Stowell's superfluous knowledge of history.

By Maystelle Farris, a position as secretary. Applicant has had sufficient practice to insure satisfaction.

For Floyd Mason, one plaything guaranteed noiseless.

Information as to whether Luther stays awake nights thinking of witty things to say in the day time.

By Alice Smith, a muffler for a giggle.

By Bessie Trask, a pair of stilts to walk with by "Day."

By Addie Longley, a book of instructions explaining the "Morse Code."

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.**CLASS OFFICERS.**

President—William Chapman.

Vice-President—Taylor Clough.

Secretary and Treasurer—Genie Saunders.

We are glad to welcome Marion Brooks, Tressa Sidelinger, Dorothy Haines, Madison Berry, and Willard Bean. We were very sorry to hear of the accident which befell Clyde Stevens while hunting during the Thanksgiving recess. We hope he will soon be able to return to his classes.

We have in our class the following distinguished characters:

A President's Secretary, Elsie Flint
An Agriculturalist Specializing on Berries, Ruth Hastings

A Basket Ball Star, Hildred Keddy
A Great Scientist, Emeline Heath

A Perpetual Motion Machine, William Chapman
A World Renowned Reader, Bessie Bean

A Famous Orator, Freddie Philbrick
A Naturalist Specializing on Brooks, Willard Bean

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.**CLASS OFFICERS.**

President—Robert Goddard.

Vice-President—Ellen Cottrell.

Secretary and Treasurer—Rex Sessions.

The daily rehearsal of the "Drama of Life," by the students of the Sophomore class affords much entertainment.

Scene—On the Campus at Gould's.

Time—Any School Day.

Cast of Characters

The twins, Cash Daniels and Robert Goddard

The great scientist, Frank Howe

The tease,	Lena Pike
A movie actress,	Thea Hutchinson
Aunt Vidie,	Viola Grover
The dude from Smith's,	Arthur Jordan
The much sought for prey,	Carl Eagle
The bashful boy,	Edwin Morrill
A teacher of bookkeeping,	Ruth Holt
A "Crystal" gem,	Barbara Davis
The travellers of the West,	Albert Sumner and Marion Rand
A modest speaker,	Hazel Sawyer
The quarantined duo,	Ruth Bearce and Mildred Conant
The farmer boys,	Edward Chase and Ronald Stevens

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES.

On September 11th, 1922, the largest class the school has ever known entered the doors of Gould's Academy; fifty-two in all; twenty-four boys and twenty-eight girls. Nearly twenty others had been turned away for lack of room.

The class represents fifteen towns, six counties and four states, and the talents of its members are as wide and varied as the sections they represent.

That the class might be assured of a firm foundation on which to build, two excellent Masons were enrolled among its members.

Coal (Cole), sufficient for all needs, is brought to the class by train each day from the far-famed land of Gilead, much to the delight of faculty and students.

The class also boasts the possession of a "Pearl" of Great Price and a Fay(e) that makes many dreams come true.

This will simply introduce you to this most remarkable class, of which many other good things may be written at some future time.

The class officers are as follows:

President—Walter Philbrook.
 Vice-President—Kenneth Stanley.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Faye Sanborn.
 Class Editor—Dorothy Hanscom.

Y. W. C. A.

President—Dorothy Goodnow.
 Vice-Pres.—Shirley Brooks.
 Secretary—Louise Shordon.
 Treasurer—Celia Kimball.
 Faculty Advisor—Miss Wight.
 Chairman of Program Com.—Avis Cottrell.
 Chairman of Social Com.—Eunice Smith.
 Chairman of Missionary Com.—Ella Hanscom.
 Chairman of Music Com.—Doris Goodnow.
 Chairman of Publicity Com.—Hilda Brooks.

The present membership of eighty girls is proof that Gould's Y. W. C. A. is growing. We are glad to say its growth is not in members alone but in the interest manifested in all phases of the work. There has been an excellent attendance at our meetings this year. The second week of school the Y. W. invited all the new girls for a hike to the "Devil's Kitchen" where we played games, sang songs, and ate a good supper of "hot-dogs," bacon, and all good things that go with a picnic.

This year our meetings are held in the music room.

The third week of school we had a "Recognition Service" in which thirty-five girls were admitted to membership. Mothers and friends were invited. Following the service there was a social hour when refreshments were served. The singing of Y. W. songs, together with cheers and the appearance of "MacNamara's Band," made a lively and pleasant evening.

We sent six delegates to Camp Maqua last summer. They got many new ideas which are proving most helpful in carrying on the work this year. The delegates were: Dorothy Goodnow, Maystelle Farris, Ella Hanscom, Doris Goodnow, Celia Kimball and Shirley Brooks.

The annual Christmas sale was held on Wednesday afternoon, December sixth. The fact that it was to be held in the new gymnasium added to the enthusiasm in planning this event. The various committees did their work very efficiently. The decorations of the booths were most attractive, showing much originality. The entire stage was transformed into an artistic and delightful tea-room, which was well patronized by the guests. The children were made happy as Santa Claus distributed his packages from a sleigh placed in the rear of the room. The sale netted the Association one hundred dollars, which will be used in sending delegates to Camp Maqua next summer. The members of the Y. W. wish to thank all who assisted them in making the fair a success, especially the townspeople who, besides contributing food and other articles, came out in the cold wind and snow to patronize the sale. They also thank the boys who so cheerfully aided the girls in moving chairs, tables, etc.

Y. M. C. A.

The following officers were elected early in the term:

President—Rodney Bartlett, '23.
 Vice-President—Freddie Philbrick, '24.
 Secretary—Donald Kidder, '25.
 Treasurer—William Chapman, '24.

At the first meeting of the year Rev. S. T. Achenbach gave a most helpful

and interesting talk. Other meetings have been helpful and well attended, and there has been a constant increase in membership.

The following boys were elected delegates to the Boys' Conference held at Lewiston early in December:—Rodney Bartlett, Freddie Philbrick, Warren Brown, Donald Sweeney, William Chapman, and Rodney Linnell. It is hoped that the interest awakened in the boys who attended the Conference will permeate the entire Association, making this year the best ever for Gould's Y. M. C. A.

COMMENCEMENT, 1922

Commencement week at Gould's Academy is always anticipated with pleasure, but never in the history of the school has it been hailed with the wide-spread interest and enthusiasm which has permeated the atmosphere of the past few weeks.

The marvelous changes which have taken place during the past year aroused the interest of more than the usual number of alumni and friends, who came to view in reality the scenes which they had tried to visualize in a mind picture. That they were not disappointed was evidenced by the many expressions of admiration heard, as people wandered about the campus. The majority of the friends present saw for the first time the new Gould's Academy, for it does seem new indeed with its beautiful colonial entrance and gilded dome. The complete renovation which has taken place in the interior of the building called forth expressions of wonder and approbation, while the Household Arts Cottage, the Manual Training Shop and last, but farthest

from the least, the William Bingham Gymnasium elicited such utterances as to prove that the visitors found a completeness in the plant of Gould's Academy of which they had not dreamed.

The year just closed has been one of marked significance in the history of the school. In addition to all the material improvements the curriculum has been broadened by the addition of two new courses. The manual training course is proving as popular for the boys as is the Household Arts for the girls, while the Physical Training for both boys and girls has impressed upon the students the necessity of one's being "physically fit" if he is to be of the greatest service. Athletics have occupied a larger place than ever before, and the various teams have, in general, made a good showing.

Thus commencement week has been the crowning touch to a year of achievement, and the hearts of all go out in a prayer of thankfulness and appreciation for the big-hearted man whose munificence has made possible the Gould's Academy of today. The name of William Bingham, 2nd, is emblazoned, not only upon the front of the beautiful new building on the campus, but upon the heart of every person who

Added to all the other elements of shares in the interest of the institution. interest and significance during the past year was the thought that Professor Hansecom was completing his twenty-fifth year as Principal of the school. This fact with all its import was duly recognized in the program of the week.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

The Baccalaureate services were held at the Congregational Church at 2:30 on Sunday afternoon. The church was never more attractively decorated for a similar occasion. Evergreens, cut

flowers, and potted plants were banked along the front of the church.

The school led by Principal Hanscom formed its lines at the Academy and marched to the church. As the long line filed into the church the school occupied nearly every pew on either side of the center aisle.

The music, which was especially pleasing, was under the direction of Mrs. E. P. Lyon. A quartet consisting of Mrs. I. H. Wight, Mrs. Marshall Hastings, Mrs. H. C. Rowe and Mrs. E. P. Lyon, rendered a selection most effectively while Dr. I. H. Wight contributed one of his always enjoyable solos.

The anniversary sermon was delivered by Rev. T. C. Chapman of Norway, a former pastor of the Methodist church in Bethel. He compared the exercises of commencement week to the accolade of knighthood. Just as knighthood demands the best of service and loyalty so the world is calling for these same qualities in the young men and women who are to enter upon life's duties. The speaker's words could not fail to arouse in the young people a deep sense of their responsibilities.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Thursday dawned bright and fair and long before ten o'clock, the hour set for the graduation exercises, friends of the school began to assemble in the William Bingham Gymnasium where fully 750 people enjoyed the program. Never will this beautiful new building present a more attractive appearance than it has during the commencement festivities of this year. The entire wall at the rear of the stage was banked in evergreens, while against this, in bold silver characters, G. A. 1922 stood out in the center. The class motto, "Dum vivimus, vivamus," was suspended

across the front of the stage. Below on the front, near the foot lights evergreens, cut flowers and potted plants formed a solid bank, the dainty blossoms suggesting the cerise of the class colors which were cerise and silver. On the wall at the right of the stage hung the banner of the class of '98, and following this in their order, suspended from the front of the balcony along the sides and back, were the banners of different classes from 1898 to 1922.

At the strains of a march played by Pettingill's Orchestra of Lewiston the school, marshalled by Rodney Bartlett of the Junior Class, marched up the right side of the hall and across the front to the seats reserved for them on the left. The post graduates came first followed by the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, with the Seniors bringing up the rear. The banner of each class was borne by its president while the beautiful banner of The Twentieth Century Club was carried by Harold Bennett who placed it on an easel at the front of the stage.

The program was as follows:

March
Invocation
Music

†Latin Salutatory,

ALICE LOUISE MUNDT

*The Romance of Rare Books,

HAZEL MAYBELLE HERRICK

*The Unrest in India,

D. NORVIN HUMPHREY

‡Class History, ERMA MAY MARSHALL

*Prison Reform, FLORENCE MARY YOUNG

*Joan of Arc, DOROTHY VICTORIA REID

‡Class Oration—The Disarmament Conference, FRANK EDWARD HANSCOM, JR.

Music

*Oberammergau, JOAN EDITH SKILLINGS

*Roosevelt, the Boy and Man,

GEORGE EDWARD PARROTT

‡Presentation of Class Gift,
ETHEL LEONA CAPEN

Acceptance of Gift,
ELLERY C. PARK, Trustee

*Florence Nightingale,
NEVA HARRIETTE HUMPHREY

‡Address to Undergraduates,
HAROLD GILMAN BENNETT

*Ireland, ROSAMOND MATILDA GROVER

‡Presentation of Gifts to Class,
FEROL EDITH BRINCK

*Forest Protection Against Fire,
AGNES MARY FOSTER

‡Class Prophecy,
INEZ GERTRUDE FARRIS
RAYMOND BRIGGS CHAPMAN

*A Novel Form of Recreation,
FRANCES ELLEN MORSE

*The Wonders of Radio,
WALTER LOUIE INMAN

*Alchemy, RALPH LESTER BURRIS

‡Valedictory Address,
MARGARET EMELINE HANSCOM

Music

Conferring of Diplomas

Singing Class Ode

Benediction

‡Honor Part

‡Elective Part

*Excused

CLASS ODE

Tune, Juanita

Florence Mary Young

Classmates and schoolmates,

Parting time at last is here,

When we must sever

Our school ties so dear;

Leave our friends and teachers,

Who have been so kind and true,

E'er we go, we linger

O'er farewells to you.

Chorus

Gould's, Dear Old Gould's,

Now with thee we hate to part,

Gould's Dear Old Gould's,

Ever in our hearts.

When on life's journey,
May we each his best attain,
Thus keeping ever
Gould's fair name from stain.
In the days before us
Each one has his tasks to do,
Let us e'er remember
"To thyself be true,"

Chorus

The various class parts were especially well written and delivered. Those parts designed to disclose the personal characteristics and achievements of the class were happy in their purport, while the more serious numbers bespoke a keen sense of appreciation for all the opportunities which the class of 1922 has been privileged to enjoy. Whatever honors may come to other classes, to the class of 1922 will always belong the honor of being the first class to be graduated under the roof of the William Bingham Gymnasium. To this class also belongs the honor of being the charter members of The Twentieth Century Club of Gould's Academy, a club founded by Mrs. J. G. Gehring which has for its aim the social betterment of the school. A novel feature of the Address to Undergraduates was the transferring of the Club banner to the Junior Class.

Expressions of regret at the absence of Mr. Bingham and Dr. and Mrs. Gehring, through whose influence has come so much of Gould's prosperity, were heard in the program.

The Class Gift to the School was a fine reproduction of "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur. Mr. E. C. Park, in accepting the gift in behalf of the trustees, made a comparison of the life and action depicted in the picture to that which the members of the class had been watching in the growth of the institution which was sending them forth. He appealed to them to give of their

best in the battle of life which commands alert and active minds and bodies.

People have come to wonder from year to year what vital message Principal Hanscom will bring to the class in his conferring of the diplomas, but no one is ever disappointed and his earnest words of council spoken to the class of 1922, if heeded, cannot fail to win success for its members.

ALUMNI LUNCHEON.

Immediately following the Commencement Exercises the alumni gathered at the Academy, where, after a short period for greetings, the lines were formed and the faculty, alumni and friends marched to Odeon Hall where the alumni luncheon was served under the direction of Mrs. Cilley. Too much credit cannot be given to the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association for the able manner in which the preparations were made. To speak of Mrs. Cilley's efficiency is only to repeat the sentiment of all who know the reputation of Bethel Inn. The same gracious spirit which permeates the atmosphere of the Inn was felt by all as Mrs. Cilley went about looking after the comfort and pleasure of her guests. The Alumni Association is deeply grateful to Mrs. Cilley for serving the luncheon under conditions which meant a great inconvenience.

After all had satisfied the desires of the inner man, Mr. Leslie Mason of South Paris, President of the Association, conducted a short business meeting and then called upon Principal Frank E. Hanscom, whose remarks are always eagerly awaited. He spoke briefly and modestly of the changes which have taken place during the twenty-five years he has been connected with the school, paying fitting trib-

ute to the townspeople, the trustees, the teachers and students who have cooperated with him in his endeavors to build up the school. The tone of sincerity with which he so feelingly voiced his affection for the boys and girls with whom he had been associated—from the little group of twenty-five which faced him in the fall of 1897 to the present student body of 135—met a responsive chord in the heart of every person present, but to those who have been his students his words were precious indeed.

Among those present was Mr. Gerry L. Brooks who was the only pupil graduated in the class of '98, which was the first class to be graduated under Principal Hanscom. As the applause and cheers, which followed Professor Hanscom's remarks, ceased, Mr. Brooks, who is now a lawyer in Portland, spoke of the wonderful growth of the school since he left it twenty-four years ago and paid a personal tribute to Principal Hanscom. He emphasized the wonderful influence which he had exerted in the lives of the men and women who have gone out from Gould's Academy in the last quarter of a century. At the close of his most fitting remarks he presented Mr. Hanscom with a beautiful loving cup containing a substantial sum in gold coins and bearing the following inscription:

Presented to
PRINCIPAL FRANK E. HANSCOM
In loving remembrance
by
Students of Gould's Academy
1897—1922

Accompanying the gift was a book containing the names of more than 400 people scattered from Maine to California, and some beyond the borders of our country, who had shared in this token of esteem. The gift was a com-

plete surprise to Principal Hanscom and his family. So deeply touched was he at this manifestation of love and esteem that it was with difficulty he began his response, but he quickly recovered himself and the words, which he so feelingly uttered in his appreciation for the gift and the sentiment which prompted it, will long be cherished by his "boys and girls" who were privileged to hear them. Would that all who shared in the remembrance might have witnessed its presentation.

A pleasing incident of the afternoon was the reading by Mr. F. B. Merrill of a night letter conveying congratulations to Mr. Hanscom and hearty greetings to the alumni and friends from Dr. and Mrs. Gehring and Mr. Bingham.

The committee is to be congratulated for having obtained as the speaker of the afternoon Mr. Donald Partridge of South Paris, Clerk of Courts for Oxford County. Mr. Partridge is one of the most promising young orators in the State. His winning personality, his clear voice with its perfect enunciation, and his ready wit make him an ideal after dinner speaker. His short but impressive address was a strong appeal for education. He said, in brief, that the solution of the problem facing the world depends upon the young men and women who are going out from our educational institutions, which stand for those qualities embodied and symbolized in the American flag.

After Mr. Partridge's address, with Mrs. W. B. Twaddle at the piano all joined in singing some of the Gould's songs, and thus ended one of the most successful banquets ever held by the Gould's Alumni.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows:

President—Gerry Brooks.

Vice-President—Earl Philbrook.

Secretary—Carrie Wight.

Treasurer—Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Executive Committee—Agnes Twaddle, Fred Hall, Robert Hastings, Muriel Park, Chester Howe, Alice Mason, Ernest Walker.

BASEBALL GAME

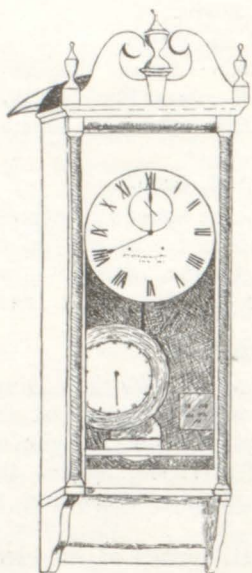
The annual game of baseball between Gould's and its alumni was played on the athletic field in the afternoon resulting in a score of 14 to 4 in favor of the alumni.

RECEPTION.

Thursday evening the William Bingham Gymnasium was the scene of the last, but perhaps the most delightful, of the week's festivities, when the graduating class gave a reception to its friends.

The spacious hall serves as an ideal place for dancing while the balcony gives the lookers on an opportunity to observe without annoyance to themselves or to the dancers. The gymnasium presented a very festive appearance, practically the same decorations being used as in the morning, supplemented with the dainty and varied shades of pretty gowns. The class was assisted in receiving by Mrs. O. M. Mason, Professor and Mrs. Hanscom and Miss Ella Litchfield, Preceptress at Gould's, who stood on the right side of the hall as the guests entered, while the class stood in front of the stage. Dancing was enjoyed till eleven o'clock when the good-nights were said and the events of the week, wholly successful, were brought to a close.

Thus Gould's Academy has sent out twenty-one more young people to take their places with the hundreds of others who have gone out from her doors to share the burdens and responsibilities of the world. Several members of the class will continue their preparations in higher institutions of learning.



Under
The
School
Clock

Ear rings!

"Glorious!"

"Me too!!"

Mr. Hanscom recently discovered the Senior Normal girls using the stairs for a chute.

H. Brooks (reading): "He had a rusty (rûsset) beard."

Mr. C. in Junior French: "If 'double' means two I should think 'redouble' would mean four."

Morse in Eng. Hist.: "They didn't have athletics at Oxford—except singing."

E. Smith (reciting—sudden inspiration): "Oh, I know something!"

Voice from the rear: "We least expected it."

Madam Gossip says that Arthur Jordan receives his education at Smith. (Smith's.)

Miss Litchfield in Eng. Hist.: "Where was the original home of the British Celts?"

McCann: "The Garden of Eden."

Miss Park in Junior English: "Why was Cooper dismissed from College?"

F. Philbrook: "For his absolutely unsatisfactory activities."

Miss Morris: "Jones, have you something in your mouth that doesn't belong there?"

Jones: "No, I just swallowed it."

Miss Litchfield in Eng. Hist.: "What did Henry III do after coming to the throne?"

D—s Goodnow: "He died five years later."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Alice Mundt, at home. She hopes to enter Simmons next year.

Hazel Herrick, teaching at North Waterford.

Norvin Humphrey, doing post graduate work in a secondary school in Kansas.

Erma Marshall, teaching in Newry.

Florence Young, training for a nurse in the Boston Homeopathic Hospital.

Dorothy Reid, at her home in South Paris.

Edward Hanscom, attending the General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Edward Parrott will spend the winter in Florida with his parents.

Ethel Capen, teaching the Middle Intervale school in Bethel.

Neva Humphrey, attending Washburn College, Kansas.

Harold Bennett, attending Boston College of Pharmacy.

Rosamond Grover, married to Everett Barlow, living at East Boothbay.

Joan Skillings, teaching in Hanover.

Ferol Brinck, teaching in Newry.

Agnes Foster, teaching in Greenwood.

Frances Morse, teaching in Oxford.

Walter Inman, attending Bliss Business College.

Ralph Burris, surveying timber at Magalloway.

Margaret Hanscom and Inez Farris are attending Bates. Miss Hanscom is secretary of her class.

'21.

Olin Boothman is employed as clerk for the Great Northern Paper Co. at Rainbow Lake.

Doris Keene, attending Farmington Normal School.

Walter Rand and Philip Beckler are attending Bliss Business College.

Vivian Wight, attending Jackson College at Medford, Mass.

'20.

Louis Van Den Kerekhoven, who has been in Porto Rico for the past year, recently visited his parents in Bethel.

Vivian Hutchins, an expert accountant for the General Electric Co., in Schenectady, N. Y.

Roger Bartlett, clerking for Brown Co., at Wilson's Mills.

Marjorie Farwell, bookkeeper for E. L. Tebbets Co., Locke's Mills, Me.

William Vandenkerekhoven, employed as engineer for Merrill, Springer Co., Bethel.

'19.

Ray Parker, teaching mechanical drawing and mathematics in the high school at East Weymouth, Mass.

Gwendolin Godwin, attending Farmington Normal School.

Elmer Bennett, employed by Grand Trunk Railroad.

Harold Bartlett, employed as clerk for the Brown Co. at Errol, N. H.

'18.

Alma Cheney, recently married.

Una Brooks, teaching in Gorham, N. H.

Kathryn Hanscom, teaching in the High School at Leominster, Mass.

'17.

Nina Briggs, attending Gorham Normal School.

Ray Cummings, employed at the Rumford Garage.

Roy Cummings, employed at Herick Bros. Co. garage.

Earl Watson has employment in Portland, Maine.

Muriel Park, a member of the faculty at Gould's.

Laurence Kimball, teaching in a high school in Pennsylvania.

'16.

Hazel Arno is in Iowa, training for a Chiropractor.

James Hayford, employed in a drug store at Rumford.

Dr. Winfield Wight, '13, was married last summer to Miss Mildred Stanley Tinker of Auburn. Dr. Wight is practicing in Thomaston, Connecticut.

Marion Dyer, '06, now Mrs. Clarence Longfellow, resides in Presque Isle.

Mr. Horatio N. Upton, whose recent death brought sorrow to so many hearts, was at one time a student at Gould's, and has always been interested in her welfare. Teachers and pupils feel keenly the loss of this Christian friend, whose chief joy in life was found in scattering seeds of kindness.

A recent edition of the Boston Post speaks of "Fenwick L. Holmes, the eminent author, teacher, master psychologist and meta-physician," as giving a series of public lectures in Jordan Hall

under the auspices of the Boston Club of Applied Psychology. Mr. Holmes is a member of the class of '02 at Gould's. His book, "The Law of Mind in Action," is now in its tenth edition, with translations into several European languages.

The following abstract from a Boston paper will be of interest to friends of Prof. E. S. Morse of Salem, Mass., who attended Gould's in the fifties. "An honor of high importance was that recently bestowed upon Prof. E. S. Morse of Salem, an eminent zoologist and authority on Japan, when the Japanese Government conferred upon him a second decoration for meritorious services, rendered to the cause of learning and culture in Japan." Prof. Morse holds honorary degrees from Bowdoin, Harvard and Yale. From 1877-1880 he was Professor of Zoology at the Imperial University at Tokio. For some years he has been director of the Peabody Museum at Salem. He has been a lecturer at Harvard. Since 1892 he has been the keeper of Japanese pottery at the Museum of Fine Arts.

A SHABBY HOUSE OR A SHABBY MIND

Haven't you been in houses where lovely flowers stood all about, and everything was spick-and-span, but the library table was strewn with papers and magazines of the trashiest description? Is it a good thing to have the furniture of the house the best that money can buy, and to furnish the mind with silly and disreputable things in the way of reading? Better by far have a shabby house than a shabby mind. The shabby furniture can be burned or sold, but what can be done for the shabby mind? Use The Youth's Companion to furnish your mind, and wherever you are—in plain but immaculate rooms or amid splendors and palaces—you will be at home. Try The Companion for a year and see.

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BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Basket ball at Gould's this year has started with much enthusiasm. When the call for first team candidates came, thirty students reported. Some of the best teams in the state are included in the schedule and a successful season is expected.

Following is the schedule:—

- Nov. 24 West Paris at Bethel.
- Dec. 8. Berlin at Berlin. (Boys and girls team.)
- Dec. 14. Norway at Bethel. (Boys and girls teams.)
- Jan. 6. Bridgton Academy at Bethel.
- Jan. 12. Open date.
- Jan. 20. Gorham Normal at Gorham, Me.
- Jan. 27. Gorham Normal at Bethel.
- Feb. 3. Camden High at Bethel.
- Feb. 9. Berlin at Bethel. (Boys and girls teams.)
- Feb. 16. Norway at Norway. (Boys and girls teams.)
- Feb. 23. Mexico at Bethel.
- Mar. 2. Bridgton High at Bethel. (Pending.)

West Paris at Bethel.

In the opening game of the season Gould's overwhelmingly defeated West Paris High School. West Paris could not do herself justice because of lack of practice. Philbrook and Berry star-

red for Goulds' on the offense, the latter netting fourteen baskets. The whole squad was tried out in this game. The final score was 70 to 14 in favor of Gould's.

Berlin at Berlin.

Stage fright played a big part in Gould's defeat at Berlin. Although playing a better team Gould's at times flashed a fighting spirit that showed great promise. In the first period Gould's held Berlin to five points while she herself caged the first one and no more. In the next two periods Berlin ran up a large score. But in the last period Gould's came back strong and held the score even for that period. Berlin appears to have a state championship team this year as was the case last year. The final score was 40 to 13 in favor of Berlin.

Norway at Bethel.

Fans attending the Norway game surely got their money's worth of real basket ball. The result was in doubt up to the final whistle. The feature of the game was the shooting of King, who dropped in eleven baskets for the visitors. Philbrook and Berry played good offensive ball for Gould's and Marshall played a strong game on the defensive. Norway won by the score of 38 to 32.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

Although Gould's lost some of her best players with the departure of the class of '22, a large number of promising candidates came out for the girls' team this fall. The team is made up as follows: Hilda Brooks, center; Doris Goodnow, sub. center; Celia Kimball and Maystelle Farris, guards; Eunice Smith, sub. guard; Hildred Keddy and Dorothy Goodnow, forwards, and Helen Beckler, sub. forward. The various classes will be creditably represented in class teams.

On Friday evening, December 8th, the girls went to Berlin and met defeat at the hands of the Berlin High School. The girls were shown every courtesy by their hostesses in Berlin and enjoyed their visit in spite of the result of their first game.

Gould's	G	FG	PTS
Goodnow, lf,	2	1	5
Keddy, rf,	1	2	4
Beckler, lf,	0	0	0
Brooks, c,	0	0	0
Farris, lb,	0	0	0
Kimball, rb,	0	0	0
Smith, rb,	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	3	3	9
Berlin,	G	FG	PTS
Howe, lf,	3	0	6
McKelvie, rf,	7	1	15
K. Morse, c,	0	0	0
Limieux, lb,	0	0	0
Wheeler, rb,	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	10	1	21

On Thursday evening, December 5, in one of the fastest girls' games ever seen on our floor, Norway lost to our own girls by the narrow margin of

one point. Keddy starred for Gould's while Hadley was high scorer for Norway. The game was featured by the fine all around playing of both teams.

Norway	G	FG	PTS
Richardson, rf,	0	1	1
Hadley, lf,	2	0	4
Lewis, c,	0	0	0
McAllister, rb,	0	0	0
Newcombe, lb,	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	2	1	5
Gould's	G	FG	PTS
Goodnow, rf,	0	0	0
Beckler, rf,	0	1	1
Keddy, lf,	2	1	5
Brooks, c,	0	0	0
Kimball, rb,	0	0	0
Farris, lg,	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	2	2	6

Return games will be played with the Berlin and Norway teams in February.

THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY

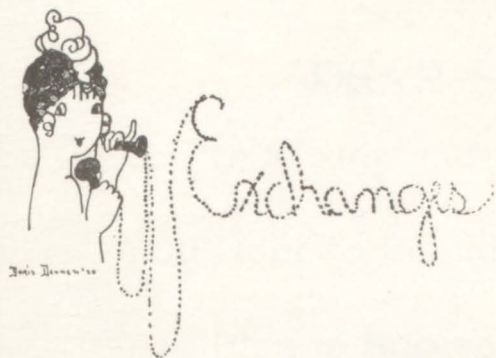
I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps or for money. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.

I will treat my opponent with politeness.

If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.

I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

—Selected.



We heartily welcome to the Herald Exchange the following:

"The Lakonian," Laconia High School, Laconia, N. H.

"The Outlook," Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Maine.

"The Delphian," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

"Oak Leaves," Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.

"The Brewster," Brewster Academy, Wolfboro, N. H.

"The Hour Glass," Brownville High School, Brownville Junction, Maine.

"The Eureka," Woodstock High School, Bryant's Pond, Maine.

We welcome back again:

"The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"The Academy Bell," Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine.

"The Breccia," Deering High School, Portland, Maine.

"The Nautilus," West Paris High School, West Paris, Maine.

"The Breeze," Kent's Hill Seminary, Kent's Hill, Maine.

We are continually having requests and replies for exchanges, and our department is increasing rapidly.

COMMENTS.

"The Breccia." "The Children's Page" is quite an attraction.

"The Academy Bell," is a very well-organized paper, and we enjoy it very much.

"The Outlook." We welcome you to our exchange department. You have a fine paper.

"The Jabberwock." We enjoyed especially "Selections from a Diary," and the cartoon.

"Oak Leaves." A very elaborate paper and well written.

I would rather plant a single acorn that will make an oak within a century and a forest within a thousand years, than sow a thousand morning glories that give joy for a day and are gone tomorrow. For the same reason I would rather plant one living truth in the heart of a child that will multiply through the ages, than scatter a thousand brilliant conceits before a vast audience that will flash like sparks for an instant, and like sparks, disappear forever.—Edward Leigh Pell.

Things refuse to be mismanaged long.—Emerson.

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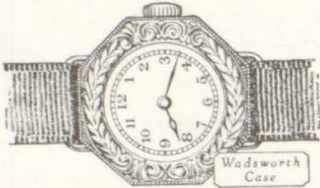
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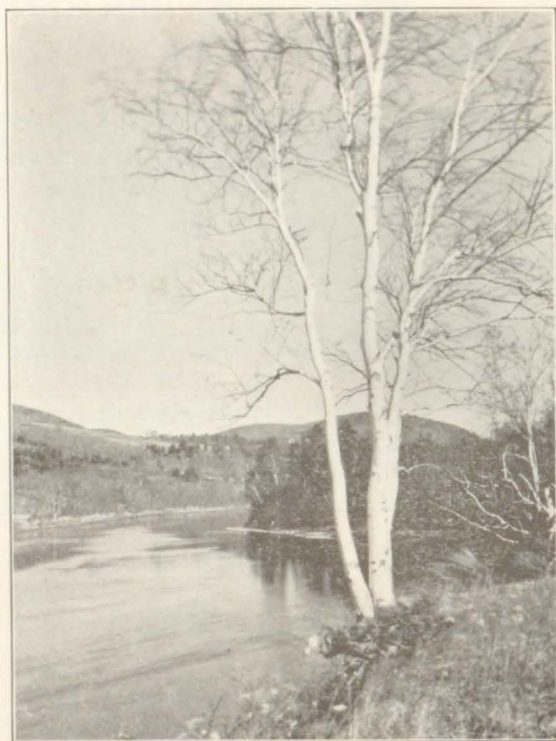
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